

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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TRUTH AND FREEDOM

Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free. John 8:32.

Jesus was saying to his fellow-countrymen that the truth that had made him free could make them free. Some of his people would not listen to this because they believed that as children of Abraham they were already free. "We have Abraham for our father," they said to him. "Art thou greater than our father Abraham?" "Art thou greater than our father Jacob who gave us the well?"

Jesus had no contention with them regarding the truth itself, only as he tried to teach them its real nature and man's approach to the same, but he was grieved to see that they did not understand the difference between its letter and its spirit, and that their blind devotion to the Law and the Prophets and their formal ceremonial observances had made them slaves of the past and prevented them from being children of the light and prophets of the future. In brief, He told them that their unyielding adherence to old-time beliefs and customs and traditions had kept them from knowing the living truth and being made free, brave, glad and strong by all its conquering power in their minds and hearts.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was an ardent lover of truth. In speaking of the differences between truth and falsehood in his "Autocrat at the Breakfast Table" Dr. Holmes illustrated his meaning in a very striking manner by comparing truth to that which is square and solid like a cube, something not easily moved, firm and abiding; and falsehood he compared to that which is round like a marble, easily moved, unstable and unreliable.

"When we are as yet small children," he said, "there comes to us a youthful

angel holding in his right hand cubes, like dice, and in his left spheres like marbles. The cubes are of stainless ivory and on each is written in letters of gold—TRUTH. The spheres are veined and streaked and spotted beneath with a dark crimson flush above, where the light falls on them, and in a certain aspect you can make out upon every one of them the three letters—LIE.

"The child to whom they are offered very probably clutches both. The spheres are the most convenient things in the world; they roll with the least possible impulse just where the child would have them. The cubes will not roll at all; they have a great talent for standing still, and always keep right side up. But very soon the young philosopher finds that things which roll so easily are very apt to roll into the wrong corner and to get out of his way when he most wants them, while he always knows where to find the others, which stay where they are left. Thus he learns, thus we learn to drop the streaked and speckled globes of falsehood and to hold fast the white angular blocks of truth.

"But then comes Timidity, and after her Good Nature, and last of all Polite Behavior, all insisting that truth must roll or nobody can do anything with it; and so the first with her coarse rasp and the second with her broad file and the third with her silken sleeve do so round off and smooth and polish the snow-white cubes of truth that, when they have got a little dingy by use, it becomes hard to tell them from the rolling spheres of falsehood."

"Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

Do we not often think just the opposite is more apt to be the case? Do we not

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say?—Ye shall know the truth and it shall take away your freedom. It will make you a slave to an endless round of duties, of cares and responsibilities. It means study, investigation, toil, trial, trouble, self-denial and self-control.

If truth comes to us with the olive branch of love and peace in one hand, in the other she bears the sword of the spirit, and it is a double-edged weapon, finer than any Damascus blade; a blade that cuts both ways, sparing neither the individual nor society. For the call of truth is the call of life; it is a call to heroic action. It separates the forces of iniquity from those of integrity. It calls the statesman into conflict with the party spoilsmen and all enemies of the Social Order. It calls the loyal citizen into conflict with intemperance, immorality and lawlessness. It makes the holding of public office a high and sacred trust, to be given only to the most reliable temperate and efficient men and women.

Kepler, the great astronomer, said in the joy of discovery,—“Oh, God, I thank Thee that I think Thy thoughts after Thee.” We may well say that mankind so far has thought a few of God’s thoughts after Him and that these have been of such a nature as to kindle in his bosom nothing short of a divine passion for larger and larger revelations.

This brings us to the one great lesson that Jesus was trying to impress upon the minds and hearts of his people when he said to them,—“Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.”

Jesus said that he was greater than Abraham because his truth was larger than Abraham’s. We are not to forget that he also said that,—“I am not come

to destroy the law or the prophets but to fulfill.” The fanatic cuts himself loose from the past and calls men to believe in his truth because of its very newness and strangeness. The truth-seeker allies himself, as did Jesus, with “all the good the past hath had” and calls men to a knowledge and obedience to truth that is larger and grander and older than the human race itself. He does not say that there is nothing new under the sun, but he does say that there is nothing old, and that truth is forever young and a tremendous reality. His motto is the same as the Apostle Paul’s,—“Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.”

Is it not, after all is said, the truth that is known and loved and obeyed that can make us free and glad and brave and strong? This is what Jesus taught. It is the secret of the Christ life. It is as Rev. George MacDonald once said,—“Not any abstract truth, not all abstract truth, can make any man free; but the truth done, the truth loved, the truth lived by the man; the truth of and not merely in the man himself; the honesty that makes the man himself a child of the honest God.”

The square blocks of truth cannot be rounded and never are rounded off by man, however hard he may try. He has learned through experience and experiment that until they are placed in their proper position with the other building material of character, their sharp corners remain sharp and tear and wound both his hands and his heart. He finds that freedom consists in placing them where they belong.

Jesus taught men that the most important condition for knowing the truth was the open and receptive mind, the child-like, teachable, humble and obedient spirit in the presence of all truth.

He was more anxious about his attitude towards truth than about truth itself; he was more anxious to feel that he was on God’s side than to know that God was on his side, for his confidence in truth was the same as his confidence in God. He exercised great caution in accepting or rejecting what he found in the teachings of his people. He could truthfully say,

"Ye have made the word of God of no effect by your traditions," and as truthfully declare that he came not to destroy but to fulfill.

His was a free, brave, humble, strong and obedient soul, not bound by the letter of truth but living from moment to moment in the freedom of the truth on the highest altitudes of the spirit; ever believing that God never leaves Himself without witness in the world or in the hearts of His children, and that He scatters His divine revelations all along the straight and narrow way of toil, of trial, of trust, of struggle, of duty, of prayer, of worship, of love and of service.—*From a sermon by Rev. Frederic W. Smith.*

"JOHNNY APPLESEED"

The name of "Johnny Appleseed," legendary as it has grown, is not forgotten; though his strange history needs frequent re-telling for the new generations.

It is hard to picture what America would be like without apple trees. Yet, familiar, appropriate, and at home as they now look, the Pilgrims did not find them here. Every pink or white branch, the countryside over, is the result of somebody's determined effort.

Johnny, who was born in Boston in the year of the Battle of Lexington, carried with him all his life the memory of the apple trees of Massachusetts. And, indeed, what child on a New England farm, almost as soon as he could walk, has not buried his nose in the first pink blossoms, which wave within easy reach of the ground; and later has not tried his prowess by climbing the low-branching, knobby boughs; or bitten deep into every variety of the fruit long before the seeds were brown? When Johnny moved away and bought land on a hill outside of Pittsburgh, then a far-western town, the first thing he did was to plant an orchard. By his house passed the stream of pioneer settlers, drifting down the Ohio toward the West. Their homesick glances at his trees convinced him further that children should not grow up deprived of the fun of apple trees. He knew, no matter how he loaded these

passers-by with apples and seeds and flowering sprigs, that these would be of no avail: any seed planted in the wilderness by unaccustomed hands would almost surely come to grief.

So, full of determination to carry his beloved apple trees into the West, at the age of twenty-six, dedicating himself to this mission, he started off, small, wiry, dark, and boyish, and for forty-six years he kept going. His method was to choose a sheltered slope near a new village or an isolated cabin, and often far ahead in the wilderness as a surprise for future comers; prepare the ground; plant his seed; give the nursery whenever possible into the charge of a settler during his absence; return in the autumn to the Pennsylvania cider-presses for more seed; and make his ever-enlarging rounds the next year.

Peaceful as his work was, he could not undertake it in those early days without encountering every sort of danger: his seeds were so precious to him that they must be carried in a leather bag, but he himself went mostly barefoot through the thickets where wild pea and morning-glory made a dense covering for rattlesnakes, and where bears, wolves, and wild hogs abounded. He was in the thick of forest fires, winter storms, and Indian wars. But with the Indians he was friends, and could often give warning to the settlers of coming hostilities. His kindness of heart reached beyond his love of children. He would kill nothing for food; he could not endure to see animals abused; and gathered in any old horse that had been discarded along the route by a pioneer.

So this strange figure labored on, dressed in cast-off clothing, or even in a meal sack, and a hat of cardboard, planting his orchards over a hundred thousand square miles in Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan. In payment he would accept a bag of meal, a shirt, or a promissory note (which he never claimed). To everyone he was "Johnny Appleseed." His real name, Jonathan Chapman, mattered so little that I had almost forgotten to mention it.

—*Selected.*

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Persons writing to the Department for the first time should ask for an enrollment blank and give as reference the name and address of their minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

CHEERFUL LETTER WORKERS

If any worker receives a letter from a shut-in other than her own *regular Correspondent* asking for cheer, etc., please turn over same immediately to this Department. It is not advisable to answer a correspondent or an appeal until after an investigation.

Your attention is called to a waiting list of *regular correspondents*. These shut-ins look forward to being chosen by members of a local *Cheerful Letter* committee. Can you not interest some new member to take on a *regular correspondent*?

A new venture in this Department has been the rural school. In cooperation with county superintendents in several Southern States certain schools have been selected to receive second-hand materials collected by our workers. If your Alliance branch has not already done so, will you please look into this new *Cheerful Letter* educational work to see if it would care to adopt a school. There are still about twelve schools on our list deserving of interest in this type of work, which is highly recommended. Please write this Department for further particulars.

CORRESPONDENTS

These *regular correspondents* may be adopted after postcard consultation with Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass. This is important and it should be done in order to avoid duplication in arranging for *regular correspondents*.

1. I sure do enjoy the *Cheerful Letter Magazine* and now I wonder if it would be possible to correspond with one of your workers monthly. We live in a very lonely neighborhood and although I have 8 children, 5 boys and 3 girls, it would

help a lot to hear from someone in another state. My age is 36 and my oldest child is 19. Mrs. James F. Bradford, R. 1, Alpharetta, Ga.

2. Mrs. Rosa Brooks, Tuckerdale, N. C., hoped she would hear from a *regular correspondent* before Christmas but her request came too late for publication. This Department sent Christmas cheer and asks that one of our committees add Mrs. Brooks to its list.

3. Mrs. Willie H. Kelly, R. 1, B. 38, Dayton, Tenn., is 29 years old and has 3 children, boys 4 and 12, girl 10. Her request came quite a long while back but

owing to a long waiting list her turn comes with this issue. Will someone please write her?

4. I am a widow woman age 36 with 3 children in school and it keeps me busy caring for them and also an invalid mother. Your magazine was given to me by a woman in Virginia so I thought I would write your Department to see if I might exchange letters with someone. Also any second-hand school materials would be enjoyed by the children. Mrs. Charlotte Meadows, Odd, W. Va.

5. I would be so glad for a *regular correspondent* because I live on a farm 7 miles from town with 5 children to look after, and one a 4 months baby. Since the baby came I have not been in good health and it just seems as though I would never get on my feet again to go anywhere. I try to send the children to Sunday School but my greatest comfort comes from reading a friend's copy of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*. We live on rented land and it is hard to keep the home fire burning. Please write me soon. Mrs. Cleo Preslar, R. 2, Polkton, N. C.

6. Mrs. Lucy Tester, Copeland, Ark., is 37 years old and the mother of 10 children. She has been a member of the Exchange for many years but has not exchanged a letter for the past 3 years. She wishes to renew her membership and carry on a friendly correspondence.

APPEALS

These Appeals are not to be taken as *regular correspondents* and need not be answered a second time.

1. Mrs. William C. Blevins, Konnarock, Va., wishes to become a member of the Exchange by way of having a letter published in the Magazine. She has 6 children, 3 boys and 3 girls, all school age but one. Reading and school material will be appreciated in this family.

2. This family is in very poor health and their farm was quite a failure this past year. The mother is 36 and the children, 4 in number, ages 2, 13, 15, and 17. Sewing materials and reading would be most acceptable because it takes about

all they can rake and scrape for the husband's medicine and diet and for 6 people to exist. Mrs. Gartha Hogan, R. 1, B. 149, Muskogee, Okla.

3. I am a lonely widow of Hester Moran who died 4 months ago leaving me with a little son 13 months old. My age is 19 and my mother and father died when I was a small girl. We live with my mother-in-law and at times I become blue and disheartened and wish I had something to cheer me. Will someone please send us some reading and bits of ribbons and thread? Mrs. Elsie Moran, Ferrum, Va.

4. I have 6 children, ages from 14 down to the twins, who are 6 years old. They are all boys except 1 girl, age 12. We would greatly appreciate anything such as your *Cheerful Letter* Department would approve, for we live away back in the mountains and are very poor and not able to buy any extras that the children would enjoy. Mrs. Brud Newman, R. 2, Stuart, Va. (See approved list for this family.)

5. Miss Ersä Wilcox, Husk, N. C., is 16 years old and lives in the mountains of North Carolina. She gets very lonesome and would appreciate embroidery thread, reading matters and quilt scraps.

6. I would like to have some reading material, paper and pencils and little picture cards for my 3 children, ages 1, 3 and 4, to pass off the time with. We live a long way from the Church and my fondest wish is that some day my children can go regularly to a Sunday School. Mrs. Charles Walker, R. 1, Evensville, Tenn.

7. I am a widow with 3 children at home, all boys. Also I take care of 2 small grandchildren, their mother being dead. I do not own any land, just rent, so I am hopeful that our family will be remembered with some reading, quilt scraps and thread. The winter is a lonely season for us. Mrs. Ellen Johnson, Troutdale, Va.

8. Mrs. Chester Greer, Drumore, Pa., is a new member and expects soon to go to the hospital for an appendicitis operation. Consequently she cannot do any

heavy work and wonders if some member would send along some light sewing and crocheting materials. She is 23 years old and has 3 small children.

9. Our family is shut in by the mountains and just at present no minister comes to us. I am the mother of 9 children, 5 dead and 4 living; a boy, 16, and 3 girls, ages 1, 6, and 9. One little deaf girl is away from home in a school. We get pretty lonesome this time of year and anything for pastime, especially quilt pieces, thread, and light reading, will be more than appreciated. Mrs. Ada Davis, Apple Grove, N. C.

10. Mrs. Jack Belton, R. 1, B. 43, Spencer, Va., wants to see her name published in the Magazine. Her request is granted in this issue. She is 51 years old, the mother of 10 children, 7 boys and 3 girls. She hopes the *Cheerful Letter Exchange* will send some cheer and leaves the selection to our workers.

REQUEST FOR ADDRESS

If anyone among our readers knows the present address of Mrs. V. L. Davis (formerly of Clifton Hill, Mo.) please send same to *The Cheerful Letter Exchange*, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Dr. Mary F. Hobart would like to have news of this family.

The Sunday-school lesson was about Simon Peter, and after the opening exercises of the class the teacher asked what Peter's other name was. The new little girl raised her hand in excitement and proudly answered, "Rabbit."

—*Parents' Magazine.*

A. B. Houghton, former American Ambassador to Great Britain, recently told the story of buying a newspaper from a London newsboy, who charged him the usual price of one penny. "I guess I would have to pay double the price of this paper if I were in America," Mr. Houghton remarked. "Well," said the urchin, "you can pay me double, Guv'nor, if it'll make you feel more at 'ome."

—*Chicago News.*

NOTICE TO SHUT-INS

If your name appears in this Magazine as a *regular correspondent* you will be adopted by a member of one of our local Alliance branches. This means that you will hear monthly, either by letter or reading material, from this worker. Some shut-ins have more than one person writing to them, but the growing policy is that one satisfactory correspondent is sufficient. We expect *you* to acknowledge any letters or packages promptly and keep your Alliance worker informed of any address change, family events or happenings in your community. Testimonials show that a regular correspondence has proven a tremendous value in many ways to many a *Cheerful Letter* shut-in. Several members have been carrying on a regular correspondence for at least forty years. If you are interested to become a member of the Exchange please write to Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass., for an Enrollment Blank. If at any time you desire to drop from *Cheerful Letter* membership notify Mrs. Hurst, stating the reason.

THE PEACE OF THE WORLD

Then will arise the strong prophetic voice,
 All tremulous with many peoples' fears,
 And earnest with the interest of years,
 To call a world of nations to rejoice,
 As of one family of blood and choice;
 To close th' account of war and its arrears,
 And all its varied cruelty and tears,
 Its shallow love of country, blent with noise!
 When will it ever sound? Yet every soul
 That loves its human kind must deeply long
 To haste the progress to the golden goal
 That means quietus of the giant wrong,
 And makes a world-wide peace and its control
 The blessed burden of Earth's triumph-song!

Benjamin J. Bulkeley

EAVESDROPPERS IN EDEN

BY HUGHIE CALL

I belong to the Brotherhood of the Rural Telephone Line, which has disproved for all time the adage, "Eavesdroppers hear no good of themselves." Ranches in our district of woolgrowers are 5 to 20 miles apart, and sometimes we have no contact with our neighbors for weeks. Many women are completely isolated by the heavy ranch work in summer and the snow in winter. Is it strange, then, that "listening in" on the rural line is the breath of life to the average ranch wife? And incidentally to the rancher himself? He may get most of his news third hand, but you may be sure it loses nothing in the telling.

My first experience with the Brotherhood of the Rural Line occurred a few days after I had come, a bride, to my husband's ranch. In the dining room I found Jennie, the cook, with her ear glued to the receiver. My surprise and disapproval must have been reflected in my face, and I expected the woman to drop the receiver like a red-hot coal. But she listened to the very end. I voiced my disgust in no uncertain terms. Her eyes were wide with surprise.

"Why Missus, everybody listens. You're supposed to. That was about Ellison's ditch breakin', up Dry Hollow way. The dern thing's flooded the road. Old man Thayer's stuck in his Ford truck, with a load of hogs, and Jim Anderson's goin' down now with a team to pull him out. He . . ."

I cut her short and explained that I was not interested in other people's business, that it had absolutely nothing to do with me, and she broke in, "But, Missus, it *does*. Our trucks was comin' that way with the cottonseed cake. If they get stuck it'll take a block and tackle to get them out. I'm goin' to ring down the line and tell somebody to stop them and send them up through the field." Which she promptly did.

That woman knew everything that happened within a radius of fifty miles. She regaled the ranch hands at mealtime with gossip. She knew that the Ellisons had

sowed their oats before those "shiftless Burtons" had broken ground. She knew when the Lawtons sold their hogs, and what they got for them. She was righteously indignant when the doctor in a nearby town refused to bring the Burton baby into the world because he hadn't been paid for the last five. This shattered my heroic reserve, and I offered to take her down to help.

"Grandma Bassett'll go. She's the closest."

"But she may not know about it, and it would be criminal to leave that poor woman alone."

She looked me squarely in the eye before she turned back to her work. "Don't worry," she said, "*she knows*."

It took me a long time to fall in line. I'm only a recent convert. Now I know that it isn't a morbid curiosity that prompts this listening, but a fine and kindly one. It is the curiosity of the very lonely, groping for contact with its kind. I began to change my views when my son was two years old. I now had a man cook, Cy, and I missed my source of neighborhood news. But I kept my self-respect and refused to recognize the void.

One afternoon late in August, during the first lamb drive of the season, the ranch was deserted except for Cy, the baby, and myself. I left them together on the back porch and went upstairs. Cy had been peeling green apples for sauce, and upon my return an hour later I found my son alone, gurgling gleefully, his small mouth full of apple peelings. I was worried the balance of the afternoon because I couldn't be sure how many he had swallowed.

By 10 o'clock my worst fears were realized, as Robin grew restless and began to run a temperature. I did everything I knew but my efforts were futile. Around 12 his small body started to twitch. Frantic with fear, I tried to call the doctor. His wife answered that he was out in the country on a maternity case and couldn't be reached.

"But he *must* come—immediately," I told her. "I'm all alone and I'm afraid my baby is having a convulsion. You've

just *got* to get him word somehow." She assured me she would do everything in her power, but she didn't sound encouraging.

In despair I stood there for a second, clinging to the receiver and wondering what to do. Then a woman's voice called out, "Mrs. C——, have you any hot water?"

"Yes—*yes*. . . ."

"Put the baby in a warm bath right away, and get some cold compresses on his head. Jeff's gettin' out the car this minute, and I'll be up as soon as I can."

If you've ever been alone, ignorant and helpless, with someone you love slipping away before your eyes, you'll know what that message meant to me. I wasn't alone, I told myself, I wasn't alone. Help would be along soon.

I carried out her instructions, and after what seemed hours to me, she arrived and took charge with the efficiency that comes of long practice. We fought shoulder to shoulder—I white and shaken and no doubt clumsy and ineffectual; she grimly, but with the dependability of the Rock of Gibraltar. Ah, that woman! I can hear her now: "There, the lamb—he's comin' out of it. . . . Look, his eyes is back natural. . . . Now his breathin's easier." Finally we won; when the doctor's car drove up, Robin was sleeping quietly.

I clung to my neighbor's workworn hand, and did my feeble best to thank her. She patted my shoulder in kindly fashion and said, "Lord, child, jes' thank the party line. I knew nobody would be ringin' town at midnight unless they was in trouble, so I jes' naturally had to get up and listen."

From that time on, I "listened in" without shame. I had my fingers on the pulse of my friends. I admitted brazenly that I had heard this or that over the telephone, yes, even to the people I had "listened in" on. One afternoon, I overheard a rancher's wife tell her husband in town to bring home extra bread for the threshers. The husband's absent-mindedness was the joke of the community, and I worried about that bread until I heard

his car rattling up the road. It was nothing but a skeleton, this car—a box for a seat, nailed on a few boards. If he had the bread I couldn't help but see it. Sure enough, he didn't have it.

"You've forgotten Bertha's bread!" I shrieked.

The car stopped and he thanked me sheepishly. I had saved him a long trip.

Another time, in the busiest part of haying season, I overheard a hardware merchant telling a rancher that it would take three days to get new teeth for a broken rake. The laying up of a rake for even a few days is a tragedy, when the season is so short. We had some extra teeth, so I took them down to him. He was grateful, and not a bit surprised.

I don't believe I have ever known neighbors before, that is, known them in the sense of sharing their joys and sorrows, their poverty and prosperity. It's a grand feeling. In my old home in the city, I sent flowers if I happened to know my neighbors were ill. In the country, with the doctor miles away, illness assumes alarming proportions. I hunt up extra hot-water bottles, or perhaps a sack of ice, and go to them as swiftly as the bumpy roads will permit. Sometimes I can release a worried mother from the kitchen, for ranch work must go on. It is very satisfying to be needed.

I never complain now when I'm trying desperately to hear over long distance, although every receiver that goes down weakens the circuit. I merely yell a little louder, and console myself with the thought that it's better to strain vocal cords and eardrums than to strain something very precious to me—the good will of my neighbors.

I confess there are times when I wish I had the courage of a forest ranger in our district. One night he put in a call for his supervisor. It was rumored that the Government intended lowering grazing fees on the forest, a matter of vital importance to the entire community. I'm positive that every receiver on the line was down. In desperation the ranger finally begged, "Listen, folks! I can't hear him if you don't hang up. I'll ring

back and tell you what he says."

I've always had a grudge against him because he didn't keep his word. I had to learn the Government's decision from a neighbor who was "on to him" and took no chance on missing anything.—*Condensed from Scribner's Magazine.*

LITTLE OLD ONE-STREET TOWN

"It's a one-street burg!" we heard them say,

As their motor threw burned miles away,
But, oh, the joys they passed by to-day

In dear little One-Street Town.

They glimpsed a hamlet of humble size,
Yet missed the feel of its friendly ties;
Missed all the blue of its far-flung skies
And the sunbeams dancing down.

They hurried through One-Street's arching shade,

Missed one good laugh at a ducks' parade;

Missed fragrance of catsup housewives made,

As little town housewives do.

They missed a zinnia-box on a stump,
Enjoyed no draft from the old town pump.

But what they said of a One-Street bump
Is left to be guessed by you.

They missed the jesting of One-Street's clown,

Too tired to work and too glad to frown,
Still, daily, he chops Life's worries down

In post-office, shop and store.

They missed the songs of the town quartet,

Which, down at the barber's, will "set an' set"

And sing and sing till we all forget

The world and its woes galore.

Just a one-street burg! One street, that's all;

One church, one school and the old town hall—

Yet hearts are big and the envies small,
Which, somehow, keeps taxes down.

So you that bow to the blindman, Speed,
From hurry's rule may your souls be freed;

Just lift your eyes to the joys they need—

You'll find them in One-Street Town!

AN ARCTIC OASIS

At four a.m. we anchored in a beautiful miniature bay called Parker Snow Bay, and caught a glimpse of our first Arctic oasis.

Between two narrow rocky walls some twelve hundred feet high the snout of a glacier pushed its way within a few hundred yards of the beach. For twenty-four hours a day the sun beat down into this narrow pocket from a sky of Mediterranean blue. The heat was uncomfortable. The sound of running water filled the air. Each edge of the glacier, where it pulverized its rocky retaining walls, was carpeted with brilliant green grass. There were multitudes of flowers. House-flies buzzed about on professional errands. Little auks twittered. Up on the hillside a blue fox sat at the entrance to his burrow and complained loudly. It was a bucolic scene, lush and bosky.

In such spots one will find timothy, cotton grass, mustard, pinks, saxifrages, buttercups, and roses; their pinks, whites, yellows and purples turning the earth into a gorgeous tapestry. . . .

Regrettable as it is, the fact remains that these Arctic flowers are entirely lacking in perfume. The summers are so scandalously short such frivolity is out of the question. The vegetation, which is of the lilliputian variety, develops with explosive suddenness. So much has to be accomplished in a short time it practically becomes necessary for a plant to bud, blossom, and fructify simultaneously.

—From "An Arctic Rodeo," by

DANIEL W. STREETER.

Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunderstorm.

—Stevenson.

If you talk about your troubles

And tell them o'er and o'er,

The world will think you like 'em

And proceed to give you more.

—Pittsburgh Cost.

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE PINE-TREE SHILLING

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

In the earlier days of Massachusetts, the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal and Spain. But as these coins were scarce the people were often forced to barter their goods instead of selling them.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear-skin for it. If he wished for a barrel of sugar, he might purchase it with a pile of pine-boards. Musket bullets were used instead of pence and half-pence. The Indians had a sort of money called wampum, which was made of clam-shells; and these shells were likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers.

Bank-bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind in many parts of the country to pay the salaries of the ministers, so that they sometimes had to take barrels of fish, bushels of corn, or quantities of wood instead of silver or gold.

As the people became more numerous and trade increased the want of current money was still more felt. To supply the demand, the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at courts—all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America which the English had taken from the Spaniards and brought to the state.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, six-

pences and threepences. Each had the date 1652 on the one side and the figure of a pine-tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master was having the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would give up that twentieth shilling which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling.

And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor that in a few years his pockets, his money-bags and his strong-box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings.

When the mint-master had grown rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, sought to woo his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we shall call her Betsey—was a fine, hearty damsel, but by no means so slender as some young ladies of our day.

With this round, rosy Miss Betsey did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent. "Yes, you may take her," said he, in his rough way; "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough."

On his wedding day we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small clothes were buttoned with silver threepences.

Thus attired he sat with great dignity in grandfather's chair; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold-lace waist-coat, with as much other finery as the strict laws and customs of the state would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because the governor had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But Samuel was a very handsome man; and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsey herself.

The mint-master also was pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had sought Miss Betsey out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about her portion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out and soon returned, bringing with them a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities, and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsey," said the mint-master, "get into one of these scales." Miss Betsey—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the *why* and *wherefore*. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound, in which case she would have been a dear bargain, she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to the servants, "bring that box hither." The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for four of you to play hide-and-seek in. The servants tugged with might and main but could not lift its enormous weight, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the treasury. But it was only the mint-master's share of what he had coined.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's

command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle went the shillings as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in grandfather's chair; "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Treat her kindly and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that is worth her weight in silver!"

DOG PARACHUTE JUMPER

Bess, a fox terrier of Atlanta, Ga., recently went up in an airplane with her master to make her twentieth parachute jump. At a height of 1,500 feet, she was dropped over the side, equipped with a parachute. But Bess fell swiftly all the way to the ground, for the parachute failed to work. Mechanics ran to the limp bundle, and were dumfounded, when they uncovered Bess, to see her trot unconcernedly off to the hangar where she sleeps.

THE TRUMPETER

By CATHERINE PARMENTER

One winter morning on the windowpane
I saw Jack Frost had been at work again;
And that same morning when I went to
play

The sun had never shone a single ray!
So Mother buttoned me in lots of coats,
And helped me into heavy winter boots,
And as I stepped outside the door I knew
(For 'round the corner North Wind
loudly blew)

February, the trumpeter, had passed,
Leaving his echo in the snowy blast.

And when that night I snuggled into bed
The trumpet's blare kept ringing
through my head.

And oh, I wished so much that I might
know

If every child were sheltered from the
snow!

In foreign lands, in ships upon the sea,
Were other children safe and warm—
like me? —*The Beacon.*

THE BIBLE

ELLA KIRK JELLIFFE

When life's great problems sore perplex,
 Or petty worries fret and vex,
 I take from the shelf my precious book
 And seek a lonely, sheltered nook
 Where I may con it quietly.
 I turn its pages trustfully
 Until my eye lights on a thought
 With soothing truth and beauty fraught.
 This I study, line by line,
 Till all its hidden sense is mine.
 It lifts me from a world of care
 To One I know full well in prayer.
 My Pilgrim's burden falls from me,
 I stand erect, uplifted, free,
 Renewed in wisdom, strength and hope,
 Eager again with life to cope.
 O, Book of Books, for comfort true
 Commend me forever and ever to you!

Those Who Have Suffered—

—Most are those who have suffered for others.

—Have had a chance to learn some of life's choicest lessons.

—Least are often the ones who do the most complaining.

—Rev. Roy L. Smith.

One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.

—Stevenson.

Cheered by the presence of God, I will do at the moment, without anxiety, according to the strength which he shall give me, the work that his providence assigns me. I will leave the rest. It is not my affair.

—Fenelon.

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To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

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